

mayest not accomplish it, others more able, or perchance more willing, may be found, and that right speedily; the revenue of Beauvais's Bishopric might serve a Prince's turn! See that thou lose them not!" And he swept proudly from the chamber, leaving the astounded churchman to plot new schemes, to weave more subtle meshes for the life of the innocent. Nor did it occupy that crafty mind long time, nor did it need deep counsel! The sentence of the church decreed, that she should never more don arms, or masculine attire! The Bishop's eye flashed as it lighted on that article. "Ha!" he muttered—"Here then, we have her on the hip! Anselm, what ho! Let them bid Gaspard hither—the warden of the Sorceress—and let us be alone!"

He came; and with closed doors they sat in conclave—the highest officer, save one, of holy church; the lowest and most truculent official of state policy! Ear heard not, nor eye saw, the secrets of that meeting; but on the morrow, when the first glimpse of sickly daylight fell through the tunnelled window of her dungeon, the maiden's female garb was gone, and by the pallet bed lay morion and corselet, cuishes, and greaves, and sword—her own bright azure panoply! At the first moment, ancient recollection filled her whole soul with gladness! Joy, triumph, exultation, throbbled in her burning veins; and the tears that rained down full and frequent, tarnishing the polished surface, were tears of gratitude and momentary bliss. Then came the cold reaction—the soul-sickening terror—the prophetic sense of danger—the certainty of treachery! She donned them not—she rose not from her wretched couch, though her limbs were cramped, and her very bones were sore with lying on the hard and knotted pallet. Noon came, and her guards entered; but it was in vain that she besought them, as they would not slaughter a poor maiden—slaughter her soul and body—to render back the only vestments she might wear in safety.

"'Tis but another miracle, Fair Joan!" sneered the grim warden. "St Katherine of Fierbois hath returned the sword, she gave thee erst for victory. Tete Dieu, 'tis well she left thee not the *destrier*, to boot of spurs, and espaldron, else wouldst thou have won through wall of stone and grate of iron! Don them, then, holy Maiden, don the Saint's gift, and fear not; she will preserve thee!"

And, with a hoarse and chuckling laugh the churl laid down the scanty meal his cruelty vouchsafed her, and departed!

Thus three days passed away; her prayers for fitting raiment were unheeded, or, if heeded, scoffed at. Meantime the chill air of the dungeon paralyzed her as she lay, with scanty covering, cramped limbs and curdling blood, on the straw mattress that alone was interposed between her delicate frame and the damp rock-hewn pavement. On the third day she rose; she donned the fatal armor—all save the helm and falchion—she might not otherwise enjoy the wretched liberty of moving to and fro, across the dungeon floor. Scarce had she fastened the last rivet, when the door flew open! A dozen men-at-arms rushed in, and dragged her to the chamber of the council! The board was spread with all the glittering mockery of judgment—the brass-bound volumes of the law; the crosier of the church; the mace of state; the two-edged blade of justice, and the pointless sword of Mercy! The Judges were in session—waiting the moment when necessity should force her to do on the fatal armor! From without the clang of axe and hammer might be heard, framing the pile for execution, prepared already ere the sentence was pronounced on that doomed victim, condemned before her trial.

"Lo! there—my Lords," cried Cau-

chon, as she entered, dragged like a lamb to the slaughter. "Lo! there, my Lords! What need of further trial? Even now she bears the interdicted arms, obtained as they must be by sorcery! Sentence, my Lords; a judgment!"

And with one consent, they cried aloud, corrupt and venal Frenchmen, "Judgment; a sentence!"

Then rose again the Bishop, and the lust of gain twinkled in his deep gray eye, and his lip curled with an ill-dissembled smile, as he pronounced the final judgment of the Church.

"Joan of Donremi—sorceress, apostate, heretic! Liar, idolater, blasphemer of thy God! The Church hath cast thee from her bosom, excommunicated and accursed! Thou art delivered to the arm of secular justice. And may the temporal flames which shall, this hour, consume thy mortal body, preserve thy soul from fires everlasting! Her doom is said; hence with her, to the fagot!"

Steadfastly she gazed on the face of the speaker, and her eye closed not, nor did her lip pale, as she heard that doom, the most appalling, that flesh can not endure.

"Ye have conquered," she said slowly but firmly; "ye have prevailed, and I shall *perish*. But think not that ye *harm* me: for ye but send me to my glory! And believe not, vain that ye are, and senseless, believe not that, in destroying me, ye can subdue my country. The fires, that shall shrivel up this weak and worthless carcase, shall but illumine a blaze of vengeance in every Frenchman's heart that will never waste, nor wink, nor weary, till France again be free! This death of mine shall cost thousands—hundreds of thousands of the best lives of Britain! Living, have I conquered your best warriors heretofore! Dead, will I vanquish them hereafter! Dead, will I drive ye out of Paris, Normandy, Guienne. Dead, will I save my king, and liberate my country! Lead on, assassins—lead me to the pile! the flesh is weak and fearful; yet it trembles not, nor falters, so does the spirit pine for liberty and bliss!"

Who shall describe the scene that followed; or, if described, who would peruse a record so disgraceful to England, to France, to Human Nature? England, from coward policy, condemned to ignominious anguish a captive foe! France, baser and more cruel yet, abandoned without one effort, one offer of ransom, one stroke for rescue, a savior and a friend! and human nature witnessed the fell deed, pitying perhaps in silence, but condemning not, much less opposing the decree of murder, sanctioned, as it was, and sanctified by the assent of Holy Church.

It is enough! She perished—perished, as she had lived, undauntedly and nobly. Her fame, which they would have destroyed, lives when the very titles of her judges are forgotten! The place of her torture is yet branded with her name! Her dying prophecy has been fulfilled! A century had not elapsed, ere Paris, Normandy, Guienne were free from England's yoke; and every battle-field of France hath reeked, from that day downwards to red Waterloo, with blood of England, poured forth like water on the valleys of her hereditary foe.

The Maiden perished, and the terror-stricken soldiery, who gazed on her unmurmuring agonies beheld—or fancied they beheld—a saintly light, paler but brighter than the lurid glare of the fagots, circling her dark locks and lovely features; they imagined that her spirit—visible to mortal eyes—soared upward, dove-like on white pinions, into the viewless heaven—and they shuddered, when they found, amid the cinders of the pile, that heart which had defied their bravest, unscathed by fire, and ominous to them of fearful retribution! H. W. H.

THE POLYNESIAN.

SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1841.

COMMUNICATED.

KIANA,

A TALE OF HAWAII.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

Continued from page 139.

CHAPTER V.

We must now return to where we left Alvarez. The attack had been so promptly repelled that with the exception of the capture of Kiana and Julia, the enemy had little reason to boast of their success. On the succeeding morning all was bustle and preparation; runners were despatched over the country to assemble the warriors, at the head of whom Alvarez determined to march at once into Pomale's territories, and if too late to rescue the prisoners, deeply to avenge their fate. Although his fears led him to picture to himself the most horrible of deaths as their lot, yet he gave way to no vain grief, but formed all his plans with prudence, and prepared to execute them with vigor and promptitude.

The news of the loss of their beloved chief had spread like wildfire, and the warriors needed no second summons, to induce them to join the standard of Alvarez, who selected from their number fifteen hundred of the most able and valiant, to accompany him on the expedition. Losing no time, he marshalled them in order for battle, and immediately set forward, amid the applauding shouts of the multitude, and the favorable prognostications of the priests. As they wound in long and regular files around the hills that skirted the town, they made a gallant show; and the wild notes of their music reverberating among the rocks, broke upon the ear of the listener with a startling effect. Each petty chief headed his own retainers, forming a separate company, bearing an appropriate banner, and the flags or tokens of their protecting deity. But the pride of the array was the body guard of Kiana, composed of the noblest and most warlike of the youth of the nation, to the number of two hundred. They wore Grecian shaped helmets, wrought externally with small yellow feathers, and crowned by graceful crests of like color, which gave them a highly martial appearance. Cloaks, covered with the same material, upon a frame of fine net-work, fringed with red feathers, hung gracefully from their shoulders, and in the bright sun-light shone like garments of gold; their arms were beautifully polished, and the handles of their weapons covered with a resinous gum made from the bread-fruit, that they might adhere more firmly to the bearer's grasp. When in battle they formed a compact body with spears presented, not unlike the ancient phalanx, and completely invulnerable to the desultory attacks of their ruder foe. Their superior discipline and equipments it must be allowed, were mainly owing to the instructions of their leader Alvarez, who having served for a time in the wars of his native land, now found full scope for his professional acquirements among his adopted countrymen.

But we will dwell no longer upon the details of their march. On the evening of the same day that Pomale arrived at his fortress, they encamped in a hollow, but a few miles distant, having advanced thus far undiscovered, owing to the surrounding country having been deserted by the inhabitants, who had flocked to the temple to be present at the coming festival. The multitude there assembled, grew impatient towards the close of day, for the commencement of those rites which were to be to them the signal of unbounded license; and also thirsting for blood compelled the priests, long before the appointed time, to lead forth their victims to the sacrificial stone. With their limbs bound, and wreaths of flowers upon their heads, they were laid upon their backs and

strangled, the priest first repeating a short prayer in which he offered them to the idol. Their heads were then cut off and placed upon poles at the several entrances to the temple, while their bodies were torn limb from limb; the spurting blood was drunk with yells of exaltation by the now unstrained mob, and the mangled members carried off to grace the horrid banquets that were about to commence, which were more like the orgies of ghouls, than created beings. Awa flowed in plenteous streams, adding to their madness, a spectacle of savage debauchery and savage licentiousness ensued, which none but demons like themselves could have equaled. We will spare our readers the recital, and let the past shroud her veil over the scene. Yet if we may believe the confessions of many a grey-headed but now converted heathen, such were common even to later days. On occasions like this, every feature of humanity was cast aside, and the base passions rioted in lust and crime. Can any one regret that a system which has given support to such deeds has at last like an aged trunk encircled by parasitical vines, been choked by their embrace and now lies rotting on the ground?

Pomale's strong desire for personal revenge proved the safety of Kiana and Julia. He had been closely confined in a small building, where he was watched by some of the immediate retainers of Pomale, who however were barely able to preserve him from the fury of the mob, that called loudly for blood. A promise to reserve him no longer than the morrow quieted them.

Julia was concealed in a house in the village, and for the present safe. Sorrow had made sad inroads upon her fair cheeks, and she had scarcely tasted food since her capture. Still the occasional flashing of her dark eyes, told of the lofty spirit of her race while a mother's anxiety could be traced in her melancholy features.

Towards night Kiana's guard, unable longer to resist the temptation, one by one deserted their posts and mixed with the revellers. The fatigue and excitement which he had experienced now began to affect him, and he fell into a restless sleep. He had not long closed his eyes, when a slight touch on the shoulder started him, and looking up he met Liliha's gaze. A motion to be silent arrested the expression of joyful surprise which rose to his lips. His bonds were severed, and she beckoned him to follow her in silence. Early on the morning succeeding the attack, this loving creature had followed close upon the heels of the retreating party, and dogged them to their fort. She had secured word by a faithful attendant to Alvarez, how to direct his march. After he had encamped, she stole forward in the dark, having disguised herself as one of the opposite party, and entered the temple. Notwithstanding the glare from the torches and fires of the revellers, she was able to make her observations undetected. If a suspicious glance were cast towards her she joined some party, and for the moment was the wildest in the dance or song. Fortunately for her the fumes of the awa had operated so powerfully that their senses were not particularly acute, and what might at any other time have attracted suspicion, now passed unnoticed. As she walked by one of the gates, a flash of light revealed the ghastly heads above her, and she trembled in every joint, as the thought arose, that they might be all that remained of those she was risking her life to save. Another look relieved her apprehensions, and drawing a deep breath she hurried by. Hearing the name of Kiana mentioned, she strolled carelessly towards the group, who were discussing the events of the late attack, some of whom were his guard; from their conversation she learned the place of his confinement, and that Julia was in the village beneath. Watching a favorable opportunity, she passed them, and soon found his prison. To enter it, (a small thatched building) was an easy matter,